Lullaby, 1900.

Sieep, baby, sleep!
As the shadows creep,
Father is off on the hills away,
Chasing the golf ball on its way;
Soon he'll come home and bring to thee A trophy fine for his babe to see, So sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sink to slumber deep!
for you must grow as fast as you can,
To chase the golf ball like a man;
Your father is champion of the game. And yours 'twill be to surpass his fame

Kitchen Lore,

Ritchen Lorc,

Bice apple dumplings make an excellent
dish for luncheon or as dessert for dinner,
says the Brooklyn Eagle. To make them
take the regulsite number of large, tart
apples, remove the cores and the surrounding pulp and fill the hollow with equal
quantities of almonds and raisins. The
raisins should be seeded and chopped line
with the nuts and the mixture sweetened
slightly. After the apples are filled they
should be rolled in uncooked rice, pressing
the cereal so it will stick, sewed in a cotshould be rolled in uncooked rice, pressing the cereal so it will stick, sewed in a cotton or linen bag sufficiently large to allow for the swelling of the rice. Drop them in boiling water just sufficient to cover them or place them in a steamer and let the apples cook until they can be easily pierced with a steel fork or knitting meedle; serve with hard, brandy or wine sauce, according to taste, adding a little nutmeg, mace or lemon julce for flavoring.

A Christmas Forward,

Our hearits are usually very much larger Our hearits are usually very much larger at Christmas than our purses. The desire is to remember everyone that we know. But our means do not generally allow us to do it, writes Edward Bok in the December Ladies' Home Journal. So we often pass entirely by at Christmas people to whom a simple 'Merry Christmas,' and nothing more, would mean a world of cheer and light-heartedness. Because we cannot give what we would like to we think that we should not give at all. The truth is, whether we choose to acknowledge it in so many words or not, that we have grown so commercially and knowledge it in so many words or not, that we have grown so commercially and so artificially minded in this country that thousand of us are prone to measure our Christmas presents by the yardstick of intrinsic value, or by what the recipients will think of them. We seem to have entirely lost sight of the fact that we can always give something. And if we gave that something we would really come closer to the real spirit of Christmas giving. A few cheerful words filled with that ex-A few cheerful words filled with that expression of strong good-will, that is like sweet perfume, have a meaning that only a few realize. There is nothing so pleasant in this world as the feeling that on is remembered, and this a few wisten words will often cover more strongly than a gift. Yet we invalibly put the gift first. Our remembrance must take some form, we think, other than a mere verbal or written expression. And that is the artificial within us; not the na-We seem to refuse to believe that it is

the simple things we do that have the greatest influence. It is the simplest Christmas that remains. Not long ago a man who counted his millions by the tens man who counted his millions by the tens and twenties recalled with effort the Christmas before the last passed, when with affluence all around him it might have seemed to some of us that the day would have brought him no end of pleasures and glad memories. The Christmas which he could distinctly remember was one of forty years before, when, as he told with sparkling eyes, in his father's rural home he creat downstairs, harefooted and

London's Women's Clubs.

The Empress Club, as a rendezvous for the smart set, is curious in comparison the "mixed" clubs which are so popular in London. These clubs, most of them with a fashionable membership, are apt to have some specific raison d'etre. The Albemarle, however, is a mixed club with purely social aims. The Bath Club, one of the ultra-swell, has athletic aims The Denison Club has charitable aspirations. the Sesame Club literary purposes, and so one might, like Tennyson's brook, run on forever in a resume of the mixed clubs that mark London as conspicuous. When it comes to the Empress Club com-

paring notes with a club exclusively of men, there are absolutely no points of dis-tinction. In this connection it is notewor-thy that the Empress Club is second in membership only to one man's club—the Constitutional Club of London—which has the exceptional enrolment of five thousand

From these cursory comparisons it will be seen that in this strenuous day the Dimpress Club offers peculiar advantages to the society woman. It is not only an attractive abiding-place for the country woman who may come to town overnight for a function, but it is a convenient so-cial centre for the in-town member. Cer-tainty nothing could be more alluring to the woman who dotes on social chit-chat than to indulge over a companionable little tra-table in one of the elegant corners, or to have a cozy half-hour in the privacy of her own apartment.—Harper's Ba-

Evening.

I know the night is near at hard.
The mists lie low on hill and bay.
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry; But I have had the day,

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day; When of thy call I have the night, Brief be the twilight as I pass From light to dark, from dark to light.

Breaking it Gently,

Edgar-Miss Edith, I-er-have some-I--that is-Edith (softly)--What is it, Edgar? Edgar--May I--Edith, would you be willing to have our names printed in the napers with a hyphen between them?--Straf Stories.

Some women who are to marry profes-sional men study medicine or law, or even theology, in order to be able to sympatheology, in order to be able to sympathize intelligently and helpfully with the spiritual or intellectual pursuits of the husband-to-be, and in a way supplement the gyrations of his brain with her own, and thus lay broad and deep the foundation for a super-happy married life, writes Mary Wager-Fisher in Woman's Home Companion. To be wholly absorbed in him, even to making self-effacement the stepping-stone and highway for his success, stands everywhere and for all-time the world's ideal of a wife. But when a man so devotes himself to his wife he is no-body's ideal of a husband. While women are proud to be known as the wife of a arr proud to be known as the wife of a distinguished man, no man is pleased to be noticed or accepted on the ground of be-ing the husband of a distinguished wo-

To the Manner Born,

"Gracious, Lillian! What costly and extravagant furnishings!"
"But, Harold, we may be rich some day, and, of course, we shall want to act as if we had always had things."—Chicago

Books and Authors.

THE HOUSE BEHIND THE CEDARS. By Charles W. Chestnutt, author of "The Wife of His Youth," and "The Conjure Woman." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Bound in cloth, 12 mo., 294 pages.

Some time ago the "Atlantic Monthly," in its contributors' column, discussed the question whether a successful novel dealdieselon whether a color-line in this country could be written. By this was meant not a novel of negro life, but one with a plot hinging on the relations between the man of color who is almost white and his white neighbors. The conclusion of the

of color who is almost white and his white neighbors. The conclusion of the writer seemed to be that such a novel could not succeed.

Charles W. Chestnutt, encouraged by the success of his two previous books, "The Wife of His Youth," and "The Conjure Woman," has tried his skill on a novel dealing with this difficult theme. He boldly takes the case of a beautiful girl and a gifted young man, on the border line between the races, who seek to escape, by slepping over the color-line, from the slavery of caste which persists long after involuntary servitude has become a matter of history. The trials, not to say tragedy, almost inevitable, can easily be surmised, but the author's treatment of the difficult question is strong, delicate, artistic, and gives his novel a unique place in American literature.

No matter how skiffully the author has performed his part the subject is one that is not relished by southern people and "The House Behind the Cedars" will not attain great popularity in the Southern States. It adds interest to the story, however, to know that the writer himself belongs to the class from which he draws his material.

WOUNDS IN THE RAIN. By Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "Active Service," etc. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, For sale by The Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Bound in electropy in cloth, 12mo., gilt top, 347 pages. Price \$1.25.
"Wounds in the Rain" is the somewhat

peculiar title given to Stephen Crane's posthumous book, a collection of stories dealing with the Spanish-American War. home he crept downstairs, barefooted and nightcapped, to see if "old Santy" had stopped at his house.

Of special interest as the last work of that gifted writer, these eleven stories have a distinct individual value as preserving the spirit and color of the war in Cuba. The stories are all from the point of view of a newspaper correspondent, and several of them have to do not with the great battles, but with the sensations and actions of a correspondent during the battle. They are not magnifi-cent battle pieces, but individual experiences.

The style has that peculiar charm which made "The Red Badge of Courage" so successful. The local color is there, but the artist is so skillful that the read-er simply sees the result and loses sight of the many masterly strokes which have made the picture.

The "St. James Gazette," London, says

"The stories are shorter, there is not "The stories are shorter, there is not the same irresistible sequence of things, nor the pauseless, violent sweep of thought and deed which made "The Red Badge' wonderful. Yet, just as in that book, there are some sentences which only Mr. Crane would, or perhaps could, have written. Take this from 'The Clan of No-Name.' Eight men fire a volley at a Spanish block-house; Then they laughed and yelled insulting language, for they knew that, as far as the Spaniards were concerned, the surprise was as much as having a diamond bracelet turn to soap. In some other of his books Mr. Crane works once of a soldier's knee 'turning to bread.' Take another instance: 'On the yay he passed many things; bleeding men carried by comrades; others making their way grimly, with encrimsoned arms; then the settlement of the hospital squad; men on the ground every-where, many in the path; one young captain dying, with great gasps, his body pale blue and glistening, like the inside of a rabbit's skin.'

"But there is the same humor, the same power of making the behavior of his fighting soldiers subjective doings of his own, and the same picturesque language and pithy slang as Mr. Crane set down in so masterly a fashion in his first war

STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE. By John Uri Lloyd, Dodd, Meade & Co., New York, publishers. The scene of this story is laid in North-

rn Kentucky, in and around one of the typical small towns of that section. The story is woven around the superstition of an old slave, a descendant of one of the negroes brought from the Gold Coast of Africa, who reads from the ashes the fu-An Individual Recipe.

Take of thought for self one part, two parts of thought for family: equal parts of common sense and general intelligence if this result was not brought for self one part intelligence of the first all the sense of the first about by the strong impression made by

Variety in the department of fiction is to be found in "Broken Wings," a character'stic story by Henry James, of defeated aspirations; "The Lace Camisole", by L. B. Waiford, a tender tale of the English midlands; "A Hried Girl," by Edwin Asa Dix, who makes in this New England story his first appearance since

the old darkey's story upon their youthful

and impressionable minds.

There are no dull chapters in the book, and the story is replete with interest from the first strange vision of the hero, in the "dark and bloody hollow," through his childhood, school and college days to his death, and to the final parting of the heroine and the old slave at the gate of the beautiful convent at Nazareth, Kenthal Chiral in the story are metures of the beautiful convent at Nazareth, Ken-tucky. Mixed in the story are pictures of the terrible Kentucky feuds, of County Court trials and of the tragedies caused by the civil war in that common fighting-ground. The book is strongly written, and the two final scenes are beautifully pic-tured. Additional charm is lent to the book by the fact that it is entirely different from anything else in contemporary fic-tion, and deserves as wide a popularity as

any of the recent novels.
The book is beautifully illustrated from photographs of the actual scenes where the plot is laid.

A BOOK OF VERSES. By Robert Love man. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincett Company. Bound in cloth, 12 mo., 95 pages. Price \$1. This is the modest title given to a col-

This is the modest title given to a col-lection of pleasing short poems by a Southern poet. They are dainty verses, and some of them have already been seen in "The Critic." Atlantic and other maga-zines. They are all simple, direct, not burdened with a multiplicity of phrases, but clear-cut and forceful. We give one of the litle poems.

WRATH AND LOVE. Wrain is a wrinkled hag, hell-born, Her heart is hate, her soul is scorn, Blinded with blood, she cannot see To do a deed of charity.

Love is a maiden young and fair: She kissed the brow of dumb despair Till comfort came! Ah, love is she Whose other name is charity.

The Magazines. A leading feature of MCLURE'S MAG- the success of "Deacon Bradbury":
"Ghost Who Became Famous," a Christmas fantasy by Cerolyn Wells; and "While
the Automobile Ran Down," a mirth-provoking Christmas extravaganza, by Chas.
Enttell Loomis, author of "The FourMasted Catboat."

Masted Catboat."

Of graver interest are "The Struggle on the Pekin Wall," by W. N. Pethick, private secretary to Li Hung Chang, describing a critical moment in the fortunes of the besieged legationers; "With the Pekin Relief Column," by an American war correspondent, Frederick Palmer; "Significant Knowledge of the Bible," offsetting President Thwing's recent paper on undergraduates unfamiliarity with Biblical incidents; "Paths of Hope for the Negro," by Jerome Dowd; and "What More Than Wages?" a study of recent efforts by employers to admit their "hands" to a share in the profits of their business.

The frontispiece of the December "CRIT-TC," which is printed in tint, is by Mr. Haskell and represents with delicacy and a certain dramatic force Miss Maude Adams as L'Algion on the field of Wagram. Perhaps the most avowedly popular feature of the current number is the series of portraits of those novelists now most in vogue, with fae simile pages from various original manuscripts. Noteworthy among the other illustrated articles various original manuscripts. Noteworthy among the other illustrated articles is a set of thumbnail sketches, accompanied by portraits, of several famous women of yesterday by certain women famous to-day. Further, illustrative material includes Mrs. Van Vorst's paper on "Jean Veber," brightened by many of the artist's happiest fancies in wash or line, and Mr. Christian Brinton's somewhat overpoetical and undercritical notes on "French Art at the Court of Berlin," on "French Art at the Court of Berlin," accompanied by exceptional reproductions of paintings now in the German Emper-or's collections. For the more serious-minded Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Wilminded Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Virliam Archer are, as usual, absorbing running mates. Mr. Lang on this occasion bemeans with fine sanity and humor "The Decline of Intellect," and Mr. Archer and Mr. Arc er shrugs his own fot unscholastic shoul-ders at Mr. John Churton Collins, scholiast and author of "The Early Poems of Tennyson." Particularly apropos are an able review of the Cromwell biographies and three short but carefully considered papers on "Charles Dudley Warner," by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie; on "Max Mu-ler," by Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, and Mr. Joseph B. Gilder's appreciative tribute to "An American Anthology," and its editor-compiler, Mr. Edmund Clarence

Christmas is the season for good stories, and FRANK LESLIE'S POP-ULAR MONTHLY for December makes the most of its oppor-tunities. The number contains six complete stories, all of them good. Several,

BORED.



Cholly-"I feel as though I had known you all my life." Miss Cutting-"Yes; it has seemed a long while

AZINE for December is the first installnt or Rudyard Kipling's new serial ry, "Kim." a novel descriptive of life India. This is to be illustrated by In India. This is to be marked to be Lockwood Kipling the author's father, and by Edwin Lord Weeks. Another pleasing feature is the first of a series of new "Dolly Dialogues," by Anthony Hope, Other fiction of the number consists of short stories by John Barrett, Ralph R. Latimer, Hamlin Garland, Au-gustus Miller, Frank H. Spearman and a quaint liffle kindergarten story by Joephine Dodge Daskane.

More serious articles are Ray Stannard

More serious articles are Kay Stainard Baker's account of the submarine researches of Sir John Murray, and Stephen Mallory's "Last Days of the Confederate Government," a paper of pathetic interest to us of the Southland Martha McCullock-Williams and Nancy Martha contribute short noems appropria

Martha McCullock-Williams and Nancy Hazlipp contribute short poems appropriate to the season. The cover is designed by Kenyon Cox, and the articles are copiously illustrated by well-known artists.

The Christmas number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE shows three different kinds of color-printing. The cover is an elaborate design by Maxfield Parrish, which it has taken nine printings to reproduce. The frontispiece is a delicate reproduction in color of a painting of a mother and child by Jessie Willcox Smith, and, in the body of the magazine, in a very illumichild by Jessie Wincox Shirt with a body of the magazine, in a very illuminating article by the distinguished art critic, John La Farge, on "Puvis de Chavannes," are six full-page pictures of some famous decorative paintings by Puvis. These have been most faithfully reproduced in the colors of the originals.

A number which includes short storic A number which includes short stories by such well known writers at Frank Stockton, Henry Van Dyke, Thomas Bail-ly Aldrich, Ernest Scton-Thompson, Ar-thur Colton, Octave Thanet, Francis Churchill Willfams and Alice Duer is in-deed worthy to be called a holiday num-ber.

W. C. Brownell, the essayist, contributes W. C. Brownell, the essayist, contributes a most appreciative criticism of George Eliot's fiction, calling attention to the recent neglect of that writer, and speculating as to the causes of it.

Frank Fowler, the artist, discusses "Portrait, Painting and the State."

The poetry of the number is contributed by the late Richard Hovey, Gertrude Hall, William Vaughan Moody and Bertha

Hall, William Vaughan Moody and Bertha G. Woods. The Christmas (December) CENTURY

The Christmas (December) CENTURY is resplendent in an appropriate colored cover designed by Herter, and the frontisplece is one of a group of full-page and minor decorations, richly printed in color and tints, illustrating the great ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nutivity," which is reprinted from Masson's edition of Milston's noems. ton's poems.

Variety in the department of fletion

Variety in "Broken Wings" a

as for instance, Mrs. Sarah Winter Kellegg's touching story, "The Black Prince and the Little Captain," are peculiarly apcorriate to the season.

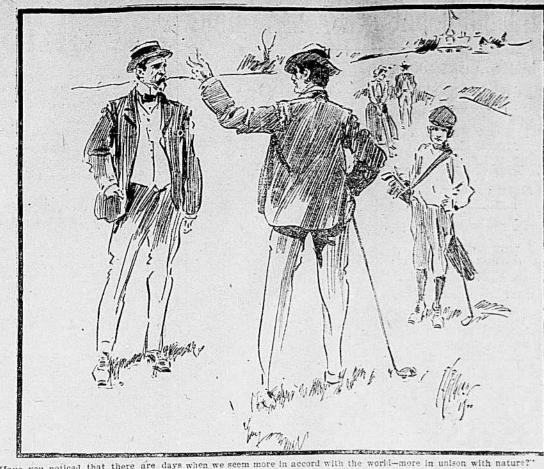
There are Christmas articles and Christmas poems as well as Christmas stories. Among them must be mentioned an entertaining article on "Jerusalem in 1900." Cleveland Moffett, and a dialect song, Frank L. Stanton, in a meter that goes ngling through the head for days at a

Perhaps the most considerable of the aries in the number is a paper on "Life ving on the Lakes." It seems that the e saving service along the Great Lakes a model for the world to wonder at, nd Mr. Wm. D. Hulbert has drawn a remarkable picture of what may be and has been accomplished by combined dis-cipline and herosem. Another paper of marked importance is the extraordinary history of the "Greatest Swindle of the Curb Market." told by Mr. Samuel A. Nelson, author of the "A B C of Wall Street." Ine story is the true history of a scheme which took in old brokers as easily as the latest clerk in a Wall Street office; it is a story of business men, for business men, by a business man.

The opening article in HARPER'S MAG-AZINE for December is "The Pilgrimage of Truth," by Erik Bogh, translated by Jacob Riis. The remarkable illustrations are by Howard Pyle, and are executed in lepartment which attained such popularity under the gu'dance of George William Curtis, the "Editor's Easy Chair," William Dean Howells is now installed in the "Easy Chair," and his introductory dissertation is the quaint conceit of a con-versation between himself and the spirit of the resurrected "Easy Chair," in which he pays a tender tribute to the lamented George William Curtis.

Of particular interest is "The Discovery of Ophir," in which Dr. Carl Peters tells of Copair, in which Dr. Carl Feters tens
us that he thinks he has discovered the
location of the gold mines of King Solomon. Benjamin Constant writes of "Victor Fugo as an Artist," and Henri Fouquiet contributes an appreciation of Bernhardt and Coquelin. E. S. Martin writes
one of his clever essays with "Parents" one of his clever essays, with "Parents for its subject. Short stories by Thomas Hardy. Robert Howard Russell, Sarah S. Stillwell, Thomas Bailey Aldrick, Mary E. Wilkins and Alfred Hødder. Several short poems of merit and copious illustrations make the Christmas Harper most

The cover of "CURRENT LITERA-TURE" for December shows an excellent fiction of Joel Chandler Harris, and the frontisplece is a rhotograph of Andrew Lang, who is the subject of the "Living English Poets" sketch for the month. The editor has been most happy in the selec-tions from contemporary literature, and the "Gossip of Authors and Writers" is most entertaining. This publication is almost invaluable to, one who would keep up with the news of the world of books and authors. The cover of "CURRENT LITERA



NEAR IT,

"Have you noticed that there are days when we seem more in accord with the world-more in unison with nature?"
"Yes; it is always that way with me on pay day."

Turkeyless.

It was the morning after Thanksgiving. Laughing gayly, "swapping" nuts and aisins saved from the dinners of the day before, the merry children romped into school and took their seats at the sound of the bell.

of the bell.
"And now, children," said the sweetfaced teacher, "who had turkey for their
Thanksgiving dinners?"
"I! 1! Me! Me! I did, teacher!" came

shrill replies from scores of little But one little boy was silent.

Little Johnny Jones, for it was he, sat He had no turkey for his Thanksgiving

inner. Seeing him, the kind teacher called him o her desk. "Poor little Johnny!" she said. "And so

you had no turkey?"
"Naw," was his reply, "nuthin' but two
ducks, a goose, an' suckling-pig roasted?"
-Harper's Bazar.

Not the Place for Melodrama,

Not the Place for Melodrama.

In spite of his heroism—or perhaps because of it—it isn't the easiest thing in the world to make a life-saver talk about his experiences, says William D. Hulbert, the author of a thrilling article on Life-Saving, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December. I once tried to get a surfman to teil me what was the worst wreck or the most thrilling rescue in which he had evy taken part; but he only grinned in a rather embarrassed way, and said he didn't know. One story, however, he related with considerable gusto, but it did not particularly concern himself.

The station to which he belongs is considered a very hazardous one, and the crew is composed entirely of single men. They had a married man there a year or two ago, but he didn't stay long. It seems that one dark night the man's wife heard the boat rattling down into the water, and, filled with alarm for the safety of her spouse, who was probably going on some dangerous errand, she ran out of the station, calling, "Adolph! Where is Adolph?"

For a moment Adolph's sense of the dramatic overcame his horse sense, and he shouted from the boat, "I'm right here! Standing by my duty!"

Well, he was standing by his duty, and

Well, he was standing by his duty, and Well, he was standing by his duty, and no doubt he was ready to do wonders if the opportunity offered. But the boys slidn't see it in that light. They couldn't control their risibilities, and they roasted poor Adolph so persistently and unmercially that he finally resigned and left the station. All of which goes to show that you mustn't be melodramatic in the Life-Saving Service—Frank Leehe's Popular saving Service.—Frank Leshe's Popular

Orators in Congress.

"The most finished orator in the House of Representatives is Cousins, of Iowa. He nas been in Congress now for four terms and in the eight years of his Congressiona career he has made two speeches. Yet so fine were they that his reputation on account of them is national. One was half an hour in length. It was a witty and eloquent criticism of Ambassador Bayard, at the time Bayard was making himself unpopular by his pro-English remarks London dinners. The other was less than London dinners. The other was less than five minutes long, and was spoken after the destruction of the Maine. Cousins sat slient in his place for one full term before he ever opened his mouth. It is more than two years now since he last spoke. When he takes the floor again he will have a structure audience. an attentive audience.

an attentive audience.

"The most effective orator in the House up to the time he was transferred to the Senate, a little while ago, was Dolliver, of Iowa. Littlefield, of Maine; Landis, of Indiana, and Bailey, of Texas, are three who have the oratorical gift.

"In order to gain a conspicuous position either in the House or in the Senate, a man must generally be a good talker. But it does not always follow that the silent men are without influence."-Ainslee's

The Next Best Think.

A good story is told of a Scottish soldier at Bloemfontein who was just recovering from an attack of enteric, says the Scottish American. One day he suggested to the doctor who called to see him that he would be grateful for a wee drapple. "No, no," said the doctor. "Do you know that your stomach is in such an ulcerated condition that a spoonful of whiskey would

kill you?"
"Aweel, sir," replied the patient, "I must just do without it; but, doctor, just come up close to me." The doctor obliged. "An, doctor," said the soider, sighing contentedly, "yer breath's verra refresh-

The Latest American Humorist,

The Latest American There is an amusing story in relation to Mr. Ade's book of "Fables in Slang." Neither the author nor the publisher anticipated the success which the book achieved. It was put out as a little "flyer" for the holiday trade, but within a month it was one of the best selling books of the market. But one day the attender it is belowed the Public Library at books of the market. But on the care tendant in charge of the Public Library at Indianapolis came out in a proclamation, barring "Fables in Slang" on the ground that the book was "inane." A considerate friend immediately carried the news to

"It has come at last," said the Hoosier humorist solmenly. "I knew if they ever got on to me anywhere, it would be in Indiana."

"But this is not right," persisted his

friend. "Whatever the book may be, it is , a patient. The surgeons took Rontgen

the author, "but if it means what it soums like, I think she's right. But I dont think she ought to go and tell everybody. This is a time when Hoosiers should stand together."-Collier's

Killed by a Dead Man.

So our dead lay, and grinned at those other dead, and the fierce sun dried flesh and blood on Briton and on Boer, for both remained unburied for a while; and so it and slood on Briton and on Boet, for oon remained unburied for a while; and so it came to pass that a Boer commando retook the lines where those who died for us were lying, and as they marched among our dead they saw a sergeant lying at full length, shot through the brain, yet even in death the man looked like some fighting machine suddenly gone out of order. His rifle was pressed against his shoulder, his left hand grasped the barrel on the under side, the fore-lingers of the right hand pressed the trigger lightly, the barrel rested out upon a rock, and his death dulled eye still glared along the sights, for dissolution had come to him just as he bent his head to fire at those who shot him, and now his bands had stiffened in the unbendable soffness of eternal sleep. A Boer soldier saw the sergeant as he lay, and with rude hands grapsed the rifle by the barrel and tried to jerk it from the dead man's grip, but as he pulled he brought the rifle in line with his own breast and the unyelding finger on the

dead man's grip, but as he pulled he brought the rifle in line with his own breast and the unyielding finger on the trigger did the rest, the rifle spoke from the dead man's hand, and the builet passing through the Boer's heart hild him beside the Briton.

Sounds like a journalistic lie, does it not? Rend it in a nove!, and you would laugh, would you "not?" But it is the eternal truth, all the same, for the comrade of the Boer who died finit day, killed by a dead man, told me the tale himself, and he was one of those who planted the dend Dutchman on the slope of Spion Kop.—London News.

The Plain Truth.

Is a course in the higher mathematics absolutely essential now to success in the surgical or medical profession? Must a person know all about the mysteries of thomboids and parallelophedons before he can try his hand with the scalpel? The affirmative would seem to be the case from the case of preparations of preparating call operations. tions under the X-ray. One took place at Lexington, Ky., a few days ago, in which a bullet was extracted from the back of

tot inane."

''I don't know what 'inane' means," said from different points, and then by a process of trigonometry figured the exact position and depth of the bullet. Suffering humanity will undoubtedly be a gainer by this application of mathematics to surgery, but the way of the surgeon will be made somewhat more difficult and

The Pursuit of Happiness. One of the latest writings of the late Charles Dudley Warner was an essay for the December Century, entitled "The Pur-suit of Happiness."

suit of Happiness."

Perhaps the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public decument is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared the pursuit of happiness. It is declared the curious be

for the New World. The American people accepted it with enthusiasm, as if it had been the discovery of a gold-prospector, and started out in the pursuit as if the devil were after them.

If the proclamation and been that happiness is a common right of the race, allenable or otherwise, that all men are or may be happy, history and tradition might have interfered to raise a doubt whether

have interfered to raise a doubt whether even the new form of government could so change the eth cal condition. But the right to make a pursuit of happiness, given in a fundamental bill of rights, had quite a different aspect. Men had been engaged in many pursuits, most of them disastrous, some of them highly commendable. A sect in Galliee had set up the pursuit of righteousness as the only or the highest object of man's immortal powers. The rewards of it, however, were not always immediate. Here was a political sanction immediate. Here was a political sanction of a pursuit that everybody acknowledged to be of a good thing.

Teacher-Let us pray for the day Now, what e great agency that will accomplish this

Class-Chicago.-Truth.

A NEW TACKLE.



"What did you say when ma caught that young football player kissing your" ; "I said he was explaining the meaning of a touchdown."